

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

JANUARY 20, 1854.

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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

Advertisements at a Low Rate.

BY THE L. B. STICKNEY.

LOSE! LOSE! LOSE!

A good one at a low price.

Get your diamonds, clear and bright.

Set round with three times eight.

Large diamonds, clear and bright.

And each with six smaller ones.

At a cheap price.

Lost! where the roughness throng.

In Fashion's maze.

Where the world's fashion throng.

Leaving a street behind.

Yet to my hand Texas green.

A golden hair to buy.

Such as the name rub chairs attire.

To deaden sensibility.

Lost! where the roughness throng.

In Fashion's maze.

Where the world's fashion throng.

Leaving a street behind.

Yet to my hand Texas green.

A golden hair to buy.

Such as the name rub chairs attire.

To deaden sensibility.

Found! a Day of Grace.

(In answer to the Spectator's Article of a Lost Day.)

BY MISS ANNA SALVET.

FOUND! rejoicing found!

In a race of countless years.

A crown and glory crowned.

Prayer, wings by Faith, ascent.

To Heaven's holy sphere.

Thence the great, by Jolly spent.

Marked for eternity.

Around the gift was given.

The rapture of the soul.

In the Spirit's pure control.

Religion's precious way.

Contention shall elude.

Peace in white array.

And Hope that match elad.

In grateful prayer, I found.

The gift-life's wondrous sign.

With burning orbs set round.

Dispensing light divine.

A messenger of Heaven.

Christ's seal upon his breast.

Accepted and forgiven.

By grace, free grace, impressed.

Then when the sea and land.

Have fled away in fear.

My soul will hopeful stand.

A glad award to hear.

Its works by Justice weighed.

Would perish in their dress.

But Mercy's scale, by Jesus stayed.

Holds Pardon by the Cross.

Susquehanna Railroad.

We are gratified to learn that the contractors on this great improvement are pressing forward the work with unusual energy. They have now about twenty-five hundred hands employed on the line, and will doubtless have a large portion of it graded, ready for the rails, early in the ensuing summer. When completed, it is conceded by all that this will be one of the most important and profitable thoroughfares in the Union, connecting as it does with the shortest possible route, the railroads of New York, leading to the great Lakes of the North, with those of Pennsylvania and Maryland, leading to Philadelphia and Baltimore. The average grade, we are informed, between Bridgeport (opposite Harrisburg) and Sunbury, is under two feet per mile, and at no point does it exceed five feet per mile, and thirty-five miles of the distance are a dead level—the grade in every instance inclining in one direction, and that toward the seaboard. The local trade alone on the line of the road, intersecting as it does Pennsylvania railroad and the Dauphin and Susquehanna railroad, at Millersburg; the Trevorton railroad, at Mahanoy; and the Shamokin railroad, at Sunbury, would abundantly justify its construction; but, important as that trade is, it is comparatively insignificant when contrasted with the through trade and travel which will unquestionably pass over it, from North to South, and vice versa between the seaboard and the Lakes. For the local as well as the through trade referred to, the Susquehanna railroad is without a competitor. No other line can be found, effecting the same connections, at all comparable to it in either grades, curvature, or distance.—Harrisburg Democratic Union.

Fire Engine.

Newspapers from every part of the country, have recently brought us accounts of most disastrous fires, occasioning incalculable loss of property and of life. How soon such a catastrophe may overtake our beautiful town, no one knows. Some malignant incendiary may avenge himself by the midnight torch, some drowsy soul may set fire to his bed, or some careless maid put her ashes into a wooden box, or children or youth drop matches carelessly about, and half of our town would be laid in ruins.

We have but one Engine, and that not of the best kind. Our fire hooks and ladders are not sufficient, and what we have have no ropes, and are not well housed. Of all towns on the West Branch, we are least prepared for fire!

What object, then, can so imperiously claim the expenditure of our borough tax? Will our citizens awake to this serious concern in time? D., Mr. Chronicle, stir up the minds of our good folks on this subject, and when your hand is in, give us your views in relation to water works. I hear that our town fathers are thinking of cutting down Second St. Surely there are plenty of other uses for our money, of far more consequence. Even supposing it best to cut down the street, which very few believe, we can far better afford to wait a few years, than do without another good fire engine.

CITIZEN.

From Harrisburg.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

HARRISBURG, Jan. 11.

HEAVY WHEAT.—Edward Gayer, Esq., formerly Printer of the Harrisburg "Commonwealth," deposited a lot of blue stem wheat with David Mumma, Esq., on last Saturday, weighing 65 lbs. to the bushel. It was raised on Mr. Gayer's farm in Bradford county, and yielded 59 bushels to the acre. (Walker's corn and Gayer's wheat prove that "the North" is capable of as good crops as "the lower counties.")

THE CANAL BOARD.—At the organization of the Canal Board, Hon. Thos. H. Forsyth, the newly elected Canal Commissioner, appeared, was qualified, and took his seat. Gen. Seth Clever was elected President, and Thomas L. Wilson, Secretary of the Board for the ensuing year. Clever was not selected for any presumed qualifications, but by rotation as the one longest in the Board.

NEW CAUCUS.—The members of the House of Representatives favorable to a prohibitory Liquor Law, assembled in caucus last evening in the East Committee room of the Capitol. The meeting was organized by appointing Thos. J. Biggam, of Allegheny county, President, and B. R. Miller of Philadelphia county, Secretary. The result of the vote on the question was: For the passage of a law submitting the question to a vote of the people, 15; For an unconditional law, 17. Several members known to be favorable to the law were not present. Some are determined to have a Temperance Party, which others deem not advisable.

THURSDAY, Jan. 12.

In Senate—the Spruce Creek and Susquehanna Railroad supplements were reported back.

Messrs. Price, Buckalew, Mellinger, E. W. Hamlin, B. D. Hamlin, M'Farland, and Jamison, were appointed a committee in the contested election case of Levi Faulkrod.

The sky was so heavily clouded to-day as to require some gas-light to keep the Senate properly illuminated.

Mr. Quiggle reported a bill to regulate the gauge of Railroads in Erie County.

In the House, a large number of petitions were presented and referred.

—Chambers C. Mullin is re-appointed Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. A good appointment in itself, and peculiarly suitable inasmuch as Mr. M. has never fully recovered from lameness contracted in the Mexican war.

Wm. H. Miller, Esq., son of the late Jesse Miller, is appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the Middle District, vice P. C. Seigwick, Esq., removed. F. C. Carson, Esq., and "negro-catcher" M'Allister, were aspirants for the same station.

FRIDAY, Jan. 12.

Bill passed in Senate for the appointment of State Librarian by the Governor, for a term of three years, salary of \$800.

The State Treasurer's report sent in to-day presents (as usual) a fair prospect.

—A Democratic Legislative Caucus in the evening, on third ballot nominated for State Treasurer, Hon. Joseph Bailey, of Perry county. His chief opponents were Asa Dimock the well-tried Cashier of the Treasury, J. Glancy Jones of Berks, Isaac Hugs of Somerset, &c. Gen. Biemel, late Treasurer, it is agreed on all hands,

has made enough money here. Bailey, his successor, is a man of luck. An iron master in Chester, he slipped into Senate from that Whig district; then moved into Perry and went to Senate again; and now turns up State Treasurer, by the Cassite influence.

SATURDAY, Jan. 14.

The publication of a Daily Legislative Record, is awarded to Lauman & Co. of the Democratic Union, for \$2,000.

Mr. Darsie presented to the Senate and Mr. Ball to the House, a bill to repeal the Charter of the Franklin Canal Company. This is "Eric" again; but what "Eric" intends to do ultimately, is unknown to outsiders.

—No public business transacted.

We have had two harmless insane men upon the Hill since the session began—one of whom waited upon the Governor in person and notified him that he must soon give up his chair, as he was Governor of Pennsylvania, and had been for a year past. Gov. Bigler promised to consider the matter.—The other says he is from Bradford county, "Hil-born but Heaven-bound," and is bent on introducing the Maine Law and other Reforms in the Legislature. He has drawn up a bill punishing any person who shall make, sell, or use "the poison," with a fine of \$10,000, and 10 years' imprisonment; in case of death, hanging, as for any other murder. Some wag told him that would not do in Venango county. "Sir," said he, "I shall go and revolutionize that county, next week." He made quite a methodical and yet amusing speech in the Hall of the House one night (McCabe, the candy boy, in the chair), in which he argued the Maine Law eloquently, and then digressed to a criticism upon the personal habits of Legislators, declaring that they were a different set of men here from what they were at home, &c. He also performed considerable business in the Phenological line, and then stumped all hands by "passing around the hat" in person—a procedure which some thought far too common and sharp for a crazy man. We expect to see him "turn up" next in Venango county.

—Political matters are not very brisk. The opposition to Gov. Bigler is too much scattered and inefficient to produce any serious impediment to his re-nomination. The Whigs are more divided. The West are enthusiastically for Gen. Larimer, of Pittsburg. He was a "whole-souled" friend of Harrison, of Johnson, and Scott; but acted with the Free Soilers in '44 and '48, which many friends of Clay and of Taylor can hardly overlook until he has served longer in the ranks. Judge Pollock of Northumberland is very widely regarded as the best and most suitable candidate. Gen. Cadwallader, of Philad., is also urged—and Fuller of Luzerne, and Curtin of Center, have their most devoted friends.

From the New York Tribune.

Words to a Lady, regarding Hairs.

And so you don't fancy my great, lony get,
With the impress of labor, in stress and sweat,
And prefer to press one of a delicate hue,
With the pink colored sand, when you say "how do you do?"

O give to my heart a hand, many you say,
With the fingers well knit, and the joints at command,
Too big and too heavy to ease in a glove,
But could fight for its country, its God, and its love.

If not on the field when the battle is loud,
Over the crimson stained furrow the rams have plowed,
Where the sows and the vultures, black birds of the night,
Hover over the fallen, awaiting the sight:

—But in the great combat, the battle of life,
With its deep clinging tumult and civil strife,
Or on the grand hills with their fresh waving grain,
And the songs of the mowers rang sweet from the plain;

Where the furrows are deep that the plowman has made,
And the oxen of war are the harrow and spade;
Where the farmer sits down in the stillness of even,
And his children sing hymns to their Father in heaven:

Where worn on the hill-side the brook rings its tune,
And the white foam in the sunshine of June,
Where the waters of labor have hushed on their lands,
And great grain-walks and big hay bands.

Yes, maiden! the boy that you credit to rest,
Whose sunny brown curls wander over your breast,
Whose lip drains the warmth of the fountain of life,
Must fight in that battle, long part in that strife.

And that maiden, whose eyes have drunk deep of the night,
Shall unfold her rich beauty away from your sight,
And the red-hand that springs from the mother alone
Shall give all his sweetness to a heart soon unknown.

Be careful! such fancies as this three add,
And be glad if, in wearing the wreath of a bride,
The betrothed form chooses beside her to stand
His a great, open, and big, and honest hand.

Sandwich Islands.

The last advices from the Sandwich Islands are to the 19 of November. The subject of annexation to the United States continues to be agitated. The mass of the people favorable to the policy. The election for representatives to take place the first Monday in January, begins to excite attention. It is supposed that the new Legislature will institute radical reforms in Government. Free trade is strenuously advocated. The whaling fleet has been rather unsuccessful, and business at the Island is correspondingly dull. About one hundred and twenty-five whalers had arrived at the various Island ports. The steamer S. B. Wheeler, designed to ply among the Islands, had arrived from this port, and caused great rejoicing.

LOSS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO.

FULL AND THRILLING PARTICULARS.

The following statement of one of the passengers in the ill-fated steamer San Francisco, is the most comprehensive we have seen:

On Monday, Dec. 21, the troops, consisting of eight companies of the 3d Regiment of Artillery, were embarked from steamtugs on board the steamer, then anchored in the North river. They numbered, rank and file, 500 men. The officers, with their families, together with the soldiers' wives and families—a certain portion of whom were allowed to each company—brought up the number to about 600. There were twenty or thirty other passengers. The crew numbered from 100 to 150; so that, all told, we were between 750 and 800 souls on board.

Friday morning, the 23d, rose brightly on our course. We had entered the Gulf Stream, and the weather, which yesterday had been chilly, and caused the ladies and children to gather about the stove, had become mild. The wind still from the north-west, with sea enough to cause the dinner table to become comparatively deserted. The day passed without incident of any kind, and gave no presage of the awful disaster so soon to follow.

Immediately after tea I retired to my room and after reading two hours as quietly as if on shore, undressed and retired.—There was more roll to the ship than I had previously experienced, and the wind seemed freshening; but I thought nothing of it. But I soon found there was no sleeping. It soon blew a gale. The ship rolled and pitched to a degree that it was difficult to keep my berth. All the books and loose articles upon the table were thrown to the floor. Every article in the room, though confined, was thrown about in an alarming manner.

At 11 o'clock I could bear it no longer. I rose, dressed hurriedly, and went out upon the deck. My room was on the hurricane deck, on the forward part of the ship. The scene, as I stepped on deck, was terrific. The steamer had bronched to twice, and had become unmanageable. Her head was towards the wind. The whole crew were engaged in strenuous but vain efforts to take in the sails. They were blown to ribbons. The foremast—were carried like a young sapling. It was large enough for the mainmast of a 1000 ton ship. The fury of the tempest was such that I could not stand before it a moment; but I seized the iron brace connecting the king bolts, and surveyed the scene for a moment. Then I threw myself on my hands and knees, and made for the nearest hatch, to get below. This happened to be over the forward galley. Swinging myself down by the cabin, I reached the main deck. Here a scene of confusion indescribable and confounding presented itself. Four hundred soldiers were berthed on this deck, in double rows of stowee berths, three tiers each. They had all crept from their berths; most of the stowees had been broken and thrown down. The live stock, of which there was considerable, had escaped from their pens on the same deck, and soldiers, bullocks, calves, pigs, sheep, and poultry, were all mingled together amid the broken stowees. The steamer's guards had been carried away some time previously and the sea washed over the deck with every roll of the ship. The lanterns were extinguished, and the darkness was almost total. I made an effort to reach the after cabin, but found it impossible.

With my penknife I cut a leather belt from one of the soldier's kuspaskee hanging around, and fastening it to a carline, made a secure place to hold on. I remained there towards an hour, the storm all the while increasing. About one o'clock the foremast came down almost over my head, crushing in the hurricane deck. I feared now that the deck would be swept clean of everything, and determined to seek refuge below. I went first into the steerage, but as they commenced battering down the hatch, with perhaps two hundred in it, I left, and went to the second cabin, occupied by the non-commissioned officers and their families. I was wet to the skin and chilled through. After waiting here for two hours, with no abatement in the fury of the gale, I crept into one of the soldier's berths, pulled a blanket over me, and after a while fell asleep. The first ray of dawn awoke me. I arose, and through the store room and pantry succeeded in gaining the main saloon. Saturday morning, the 24th, had at last dawned upon us, and this awful night had an end.

While passing between the second and after-cabin, I felt a tremendous sea strike the ship, but I had no idea of the awful consequences. It was the denouement—the finale of the awful tragedy which had been going on through the night. An over-whelming sea had struck the ship on her starboard quarter, carried away the star-board paddle box, both smoke stacks, the whole promenade deck abate the paddle

boxes, two rows of state rooms, of twelve each, on the main deck, and stove in the main deck hatch. This was the smallest part of the havoc. At one fell swoop nearly one hundred and fifty human beings were swept into eternity. The majority were private soldiers of the different companies of the 3d Artillery. One company lost all but ten of its members. Four officers went with them: Col. Washington, distinguished at Buena Vista and other hard fought fields; Maj. Taylor and wife; Capt. Field, and Lieut. Smith. The sea was covered with drowning men. The roar of the tempest smothered the "bubbling cry of strong swimmers in their agony." In a few moments they sunk to rise no more till the sea gives up her dead. Two of all the crowd succeeded in regaining the ship—Mr. Rankin, an army sutler, and Mr. —, merchant, of Rio Janeiro.

A few moments had elapsed when I reached the saloon. It was filled with water to the depth of nearly two feet. The females and children, mostly in their night clothes, and wet to the skin, were scattered on planks; some waiting and sobbing; some apparently stupefied; and some calmly awaiting what seemed their inevitable fate. All supposed the last hour had arrived, and in a few moments they would meet their Maker face to face.

After the first burst of dismay was over hope began to revive in our bosoms. The hull was still staunch and strong, and some passing vessel might rescue us from the wreck.

Ascending the companion way, from the saloon to the main deck, I seated myself at the head of the staircase, and surveyed the scene. The steamer was, in all her upper works, a perfect wreck. Foremast, smoke stack, the greater part of the promenade deck, the saloon, and all the state rooms on the main deck—all were gone. The main deck was stove, and the water rushing in at every sea we shipped. On the opposite side of the companion way lay the mangled and bleeding corpse of a soldier, who was killed instantly by the falling of the deck. A few feet further lay a man groaning and near death from injuries received at the same time. The sea was running mountains high, and every billow that came with its curling crest towards us, seemed about to pour into our shattered deck and sink us.

It was not so to be. We were in imminent danger of foundering; but our gallant Captain Watkins, whose exertions during all that fearful night had been almost superhuman, directed all his energies to save us. To lighten the ship and stop the leaks were the first objects. To break up the hatches and commence discharging cargo, was the work of a moment. Soldiers and sailors all lent a helping hand, and as each man knew he worked for his life, all worked with a will. Stowees were placed under the broken deck, and it was partially forced back to its place. It was found that the water gained upon us rapidly. The steam pump had become obstructed. Fifty soldiers were detailed to commence bailing. All day and all night the work went on without intermission. Still, with every roll the ship took in large quantities of water, and we gained little upon the leak. Sunday morning, the 25th, at last dawned upon us. The sky lighted up a little; there was a short gleam of sunshine, and the sea calmed a little. A sail or two were seen in the distance, but none approached us. It was a gloomy Christmas to us. The work of bailing and pumping went on, and we had gained on the leak. Monday, the 26th, the gale continued with little abatement.

All night, Sunday, the tempest roared round our devoted ship. The waves thundered against our sides and stern like cannon at the gates of a beleaguered city. Sleep was out of the question. For three nights we had none. We discovered a sail not far off. On approaching us she proved to be a brig; we spoke her. She reported herself short of provisions, and after supplying herself with barrels of beef and pork we had thrown overboard, she went on her way. On Sunday, the 27th, discovered another sail bearing down upon us. She proved to be the barque Kilby, of and for Boston, from New Orleans, loaded with cotton, thirty-five days out. Col. Gates, commanding the detachment, chartered her to convey the troops to the nearest accessible port. Tuesday was too rough to disembark any part of the command, but on Wednesday, the 28th, Col. Gates, with their families, Drs. Satterlee and Wirts, with some others whose names are not recollected, were safely embarked on board the Kilby. Some forty or fifty soldiers, and some soldier's wives, also embarked—in all nearly one hundred persons. Night came on, and put a stop to any further operations. It had been agreed the barque should lie by us till all on board the steamer were disembarked, but it came on to blow heavily in the night, and in the morning

she had disappeared, and we saw her no more. Thus all the hopes of escape we based upon the Kilby were doomed to disappointment; and when, in the morning, the sickness of hope deferred.

Our ship lay as helpless as a log upon the waves. She was completely crippled. Her engine, as should have been mentioned, broke down the first night of the storm; it was never of use afterwards, except to work the pumps. With infinite exertion, a small sail was rigged to the mizzenmast, which assisted a little in steadying her; but she rolled and tumbled about at a fearful rate. We had succeeded in stopping some of the leaks, and in lightening the vessel to a considerable extent, by throwing over provisions and coal. The ship was also very much relieved by cutting off the timber of her guards, upon which the sea broke heavily, lifting her decks every time it broke.

We had now (Thursday, the 29th,) reached the sixth day since the storm commenced. We were about to encounter death in a new form. A very large portion of the ship's storage had been filled with cargo, provisions, military stores, &c. The consequence was that the portion left for the soldiers was much crowded. It had been expected we should soon be in fine weather, and that they could sleep comfortably in stowee berths on deck. When the storm came that was impossible, and they were consequently driven below.—Crowded in narrow quarters, exposed to cold and wet, obliged to be fed on an insufficient diet, in consequence of the loss of the galleys and the impossibility of cooking for such numbers, it is no matter of surprise that disease soon made its appearance. Add to this the influence of anxiety of mind, fright, and despondency, and it is no wonder that they sickened and died. The disease more nearly than anything assumed the form of Asiatic cholera, commencing with diarrhoea and terminating in a few hours. Both the army surgeons having left, the charge of the sick fell upon the surgeon of the ship. To add to our distress, nearly all the medicine in the ship had been either washed overboard or destroyed. The mortality was necessarily great. For several days it averaged ten deaths a day. Men, women and children fell indiscriminately before it, and whole families perished in twenty-four hours. It was a scene of awful suffering.

During Thursday and Friday our eyes were not gladdened by a single sail. The hours dragged on most heavily. We had abundance of provisions on board but it was almost impossible to get them cooked. The roll of the ship was so heavy that the provisions were thrown from the galley. When we could get a cup of hot tea with our hard biscuit it was a treat; and when a roasted potato and piece of fried pork was added to our bill of fare, it became a sumptuous repast. We attempted to issue rations to the soldiers once a day, but a sufficient quantity of hot water could not be procured, and we were compelled to abandon it.

During the night of Friday or the morning of Saturday the 31st, the cheering sound rang through the vessel that a ship was at hand. We immediately commenced firing signal guns. They were answered by blue lights from the strange vessel with English colors. She came near enough to speak us, but the wind was so high as to render it quite impossible. We resorted to a kind of telegraphic communication, by writing on boards in chalk with large letters. We succeeded in making her understand our situation, which, indeed, was sufficiently obvious. She promised to lie by us. This intelligence cheered every heart.

The weather during Saturday and Sunday was too rough to attempt to lower a boat. There was, too, another dilemma. The English ship had but one reliable boat, the longboat. We had none at all. Of the nine splendid boats with which we left New York, not one remained. Captain Watkins, not to be overcome by any difficulty, commenced the construction of rafts. They seemed but a frail dependence, and provisionally they were not needed.—Other means of relief were at hand. On Monday, the 24 of January, our hearts rejoiced, the sea calmed so much that towards evening the English ship lowered her yawl boat, and our second mate, Mr. Grattan, went on board of her.

On Tuesday, the 23 of January, we were gladdened by another sail, under American colors. She came near enough to speak her, and we learned that she was the Antarctic, three days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. She had five good boats. After enduring the agony of suspense for so many days it seemed that a piece of deliverance had at last arrived. With the aid of the Antarctic's boats we could all be conveyed on board the English ship, now ascertained to be the Three Bells, Captain Creighton, of Glasgow, bound for

New York. The Bells had experienced much rough weather, and was lucky. On Tuesday evening we succeeded in putting a sergeant and file of soldiers on board to work the pumps.

On Wednesday morning, the 4th Jan., the work of disembarking commenced in earnest. The sick, of whom there was a large number, and some in a dying condition, were wrapped in blankets, brought on deck, and lowered carefully into the boats. Casks of water were lowered down and towed on board the Bells. Bread and bacon, and other provisions, were sent off. By evening much of the work had been accomplished. It was found necessary, however, in consequence of the shortness of provisions on board the Bells, to divide our numbers between the two ships. Lieut. Winder and Chandler, with about 140 soldiers, embarked on the Antarctic for Liverpool. Captain Watkins also determined to accompany that portion of our number. Thursday morning, the 5th, rose upon us bright and beautiful. The sea calm, the wind gentle. It is a day which will live in my memory. By noon the work of disembarking and re-embarking was complete. Every man, woman and child had left the ship. Our captain, the last on board. He saw every officer, every sailor, every fireman, and every negro waiter, of whom were forty or fifty, safely in the boats, then lowered himself down, and the boat pulled away. He was rowed alongside the Three Bells, where he was greeted with nine hearty cheers, and then pulled away for the Antarctic. The San Francisco had, by his orders, been sent out, and we could see her settling gradually deeper into the water.

About 2 P. M., the Three Bells hauled sail, and moved slowly away from the wreck. I stood on the deck and gazed at the ill-fated vessel with mingled emotions. She had been our prison house for fourteen anxious, agonizing days and nights. She was near being our grave. Yet she was a gallant ship, and a stauncher hull was never launched. She soon after went down. The sickness began to abate almost immediately.

When the Three Bells left the wreck she was about 600 miles from New York. We encountered a great deal of north-easterly wind, and our progress was slow until Wednesday, the 11th of January, when we were favored with a stiff breeze from the southeast, which drove us rapidly on, and on Thursday afternoon we were off soundings. Towards evening it grew thick, and the captain, fearing to venture too far in, stood off and on till morning.

Friday dawned bright and fair. We signaled for a pilot, and then a steamer, and at 5 P. M. we were at anchor off the New York Battery.

Two remarks as to the cause of the awful disaster and I have done. In the first place, the ship was sent to sea without having tried her engines. She had, indeed, tried them in the smooth waters of the bay, but her first encounter with the stormy billows of the Atlantic proved them no more to be depended on than a broken reed.

In the second place, she was too deeply laden. Her paddle wheels had so much slip as to cause a strain upon her shaft and engines. Thus, she might in any case have encountered the storm had she not been dismantled and damaged in her upper works, and had her engines proved true, she could have reached a port in safety.

The San Francisco was insured in New York and Philadelphia for \$200,000, which covers her value. The cargo on board consisted wholly of stores for the troops, and belonging to the United States Government, which were not insured.

The packet ship Lucy Thompson, from Liverpool to New York, boarded the ship Kilby, on Friday evening, off Boston, and took from her the rescued of the San Francisco.

The Kilby had been sixty-eight days from New Orleans; was lucky and short of provisions. The passengers were obliged to break into her cargo, and get at some corn, which was all they had to keep them alive for two weeks. The supply of water was also very small, and had it not been for constant rains they must have died of thirst. One hundred bales of cotton were broken out of her hold to make room to sleep in, and there they passed two of the longest weeks of their lives. The captain of the Kilby, Mr. Low, is entitled to much credit for the manner in which he managed his vessel, and the attention he paid to his passengers. He had, however, many obstacles to contend against. His sails were all old and incomplete, and he was crippled in every way, so that many had given up all hope of ever reaching the shore, when they fell in with the Lucy Thompson, which supplied her with sails and provisions.

The barque Kilby has since arrived safely at Boston.

—One line tells but a short story.